

FRIENDS

HOW many there are continually singing, "I've found a friend in Jesus," who are continually telling how good He is to them; how He comforts in sorrow; upholds in tribulation; elevates in adversity; is ever ready to listen to the cry of the poor and needy, and to answer the prayer of all who come to Him in faith.

Yes, comrades, there are plenty who are ever ready to affirm this in the face of all the world, hell and the devil. Jesus is their friend, they are not ashamed of Him, certainly not; neither should they be. He has never gone back on them, broken a promise, nor the pledge of friendship, neither has He left a follower in the lurch, yet very good—very true. Thank God for us many as can say, Amen to all this, but there is another side to it all—have you ever thought of the possibility of

YOU BEING HIS FRIEND?

Yes, you, poor and unwelcome, though you be—yes, though you are the last convert in the crowd—yes, my brother, though you toil and strive, and work out far the best—yes, dear brethren, almost alone and unknown. You sister burdened with family cares, though you be, yet behind the counters; you in the work-room; you in the kitchen; you, you, you, who ever you are, and wherever you are, and whatever you do, upon you the name of the Lord, the voice of Him before whom seas divide, mountains quake, armies are slain, and lions shut their mouths. He says, "Ye are my friends as yet, do whatsoever I command you." Now comrades, honestly,

ARE THEY HIS FRIENDS?

Oh! He needs friends, friends on earth, friends to stand up for His good name, friends to uphold His honor, friends to look after His business here, friends who will carry the Bread of Life to those who are dying of spiritual starvation, friends who will carry the water of life to the drunkard, who with parched lips and blighted hopes, craves for something to satisfy, friends to tell the gambler, who with fever-stricken brow and blasted life, never strikes low and blasted life, who will enter the house of ill fame, and tell the poor fallen one that though scorned and forsaken, there is one who still loves and cares for her.

Comrades look around, it is not only your street, nor your ward, nor your city, but

THE WHOLE WORLD

that lieh in the arms of wickedness, and He needs true friends, faithful friends and constant friends, to help Him save this life of wickedness, to stamp out this mass of corruption, to help Him in His work of cleansing this world, harrid, sickening sea of sin, that on every land we see men and women with. Oh! comrades, are you His friend? Are you a co-worker together with Him? Are you doing whatsoever He commands you? Are you doing all as He has revealed it to you? If so, then

YOU ARE HIS FRIEND,

but if not, for the sake of your fellow-man, for your own sake, for His sake who suffered and died, start at once and be a man of His will and not a talker only. It is nice, I know, to sit at the piano or organ and sing.

"Ecce the perishing, ears for the dying," but it is much

BETTER TO DO IT!

and, if you will, rest assured you will be blessed, and all the great assembly with all nations and tongues shall appear before the judgment Seat of Christ.

READY a jewel will shine there that you digged out, many a golden shaft shall be ready to hand that you have helped to garner in, and He shall lead you forth before the assembled hosts of Heaven and earth, and proclaim you as His friend.

COMMUNIST MILLER.

The General

The United States

The General has had most marvelous times among the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. Indeed every place he has visited been a pigsticker success and the spirit of love and devotion to God and the Army has been raised to a pitch by his kindly advice and God sent messages.

His visit has been a great blessing to the States, and we go forward hand in hand to win the world for God. The American people pay the General every respect. He found them all praising him on the wharf at New York, and he has never been entirely free from their mouths. His nightly prayers is of thanksgiving to God that he is a firm for time from the devil and the reporters.

(From the Toronto Globe)

At a meeting of the Salvation Army in Washington last night, Gen. William Booth, the Commander-in-Chief, so impressed one well-dressed old gentleman that he rushed up to the platform, his eyes streaming with tears, and taking a good good watch and chain from his pocket, he gave it as a thank offering for his own conversion.

SHEENADOAH.

The crowd that met us at Sheenadoah was one of the most congenial and encouraging sights which the General has seen since his arrival.

Robbins' Opera House, the largest building in the city was crowded out, and the floor was covered with people. The General was met here in great numbers, but as he was well known throughout, a friendly friend, who was a pugilist, but a friend, who with parched lips and blighted hopes, craves for something to satisfy, friends to tell the gambler, who with fever-stricken brow and blasted life, never strikes low and blasted life, who will enter the house of ill fame, and tell the poor fallen one that though scorned and forsaken, there is one who still loves and cares for her.

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The Ontario Brigade.

ON WE GO, now fast, now slow, Leaving N. B. far behind;

With God in our heart we choose the good part, To go hence we feel none inclined.

To defeat the old devil we gird on our arms, As on to the north we are speeding, Facing to all spite the devil's alarms.

The brigade goes—the "reapers" unloading.

Who say it's all nonsense such plans to do, This move's for the worst, oh, I know it.

To have been down here would have been far more wise, If wrong they never will show it.

Yet onward we go mid life and love, To work in the night of our Master; Thanking Him we have got out of the rut.

Prayer He'll move us on faster, Faster, still faster till the world is behind.

We fight all untrammelled by opinion or selfishness, Right in our soul and right in our mind.

With weapons in our hands we press on in haste.

O God of our fathers, keep with us in power! We know that we only can win in this fight; Four out of Thy spirit a pleasant labor.

And when Thou dost lead us willingly fight.

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PROMOTED.

Sister Bath was a scholar of the X-1000 class.

She did not suffer very long, but through her suffering she would express herself that Jesus was very precious to her just before she died. She said she could see Jesus and her little children, and she did not want to say she said she saw them. She was very soon after that God answered her prayers and took her to his home. The funeral service was a very impressive one, and the church was full of people. The service was held in the church, and every part of the service was very impressive.

She was a very good woman, and she was very much loved by all who knew her. She was a very good woman, and she was very much loved by all who knew her.

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Blessed Times in Toronto.

WELCOME OF THE
"WISE MEN AND WOMEN"
FROM THE EAST.Farewell and Departure of the
North-West Police.

The noon day train on Saturday, Dec. 4th, brought to Toronto, the first company of our comrades from the Maritime Provinces. As they marched through the passage to greet the Commissioners, we could see the tears and burning zeal sparkling from their eyes, that burns in the hearts and shines from the countenances of the blood-bought warriors of Ontario, "and the kindly feelings and ardor, God bless you," soon laid a chain of love and unity between them and those who welcomed them.

At midnight a loud cheer Hallelujah was rung through the long hall that leads to the bed rooms in the temple. We soon recognized the voices and were indeed glad to welcome Staff-Capt. Young back again. We soon had him lodged in a Head-Quarters bed, and at day break on the Sunday morning he was conducting a blessed knee-drill in the basement of the temple. The Toronto Soldiers a few friends and the Head-Quarters staff composed the little gathering, and God was there to supply every soul with strength and grace for the day's fight, which He did, bless His name!

The march through the snow proved to be a halcyon meeting was refreshing and a means of blessing. Out by one the other corps with beating drums continue to march in with faces beaming with that joy that God imparts to those who do His will.

The Commissioner conducted the unending which was opened by softly singing

"Speak Lord,
For thy servants have heard."

The spirit of God did speak to many hearts.

Holy Aton gave a most powerful and convincing testimony to the blessedness of a perfect rest, and many others joined in that hallowed season of praise and thanksgiving to God.

The result of this meeting was five souls, who sought and found the true liberty of freedom from sin.

The second company of Easterners arrived just in time to see them get through.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

"Glory, glory Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord I'm saved to-day,
Things have changed completely round,
Since I got saved in the great S. A.,
To the tune of "Tim Finigan's" we
were being heavily sang by the audience, when in came one of our latest Lippincott troopers, who two weeks previous had been rescued from the most wretched state of poverty and misery. The Commissioner got him up to the front of the platform and arm in arm they repeated this soul-stirring chorus, the old man and the young man, glancing at "yes, that's true." His story was soon told, and we were glad that we had the bright side of it to look upon. His wife and seven children have been saved since his own conversion.

The "Easterners" all stood and sang "I will follow Thee my Saviour," and as we looked into their earnest faces, we felt that they meant it and indeed our confidence was not wavering, seeing that they have already come nearly 2,000 miles away from home and friends for their blessed Saviour's sake. As soon as four of the girls arrived in Toronto the Commissioner asked for a volunteer for the North-west, and they all volunteered.

We left the afternoon audience deeply impressed with eternal realities.

SUNDAY EVENING.

"Oh! glorious fountain,
There would I stay
And while I am praying,
Wash my sins away,"
was the song we sang, as we went on our knees after the usual routine of Army meetings. The spirit of God that makes the trembling sinner feel his end is drawing nigh, was doing its work and five souls bathed in the loving forgiveness of God.

MONDAY EVENING.

The presentation of colors, was the principal feature of the meeting. In the name of God and the General, our dear friend Mr. Goodfellow, presented our comrades with the flag, charging them to live and die fighting under it. A feeling of solemn awe rested upon the assembly as our comrades one by one said a few parting words, each promising to be true and if needs be shed their blood or spend their lives in rescuing the perishing souls of the world.

Before this time our comrades will have reached Winnipeg. They left Toronto at nine o'clock on Tuesday night Dec. 7th.

WAR NOTES

The arrival of the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia contingent was an event of interest to our Toronto friends. The welcome meetings were magnificent.

We are glad to note the promotion of Lieut. Ella Wilson, who is now Captain at Kingsville, and also of Lieut. Mercer, now the Captain of Bedford.

The North-west Brigade, left for Winnipeg on Tuesday night, Dec. 7th, at nine o'clock, and we hope soon to record some glorious victories won in the West.

The Salvation Temple is getting to be quite a business and literary centre. We are excitedly ever free from report, and the latest advance is a wire from the Temple to the telegraph office, by which we can bring a message in about two minutes, who then returns with the message. In a while we may have an operation on the spot, and send our messages direct.

Another batch of officers is daily expected from England.

We had a look at the proof-sheets of the new Almanac, and the advance for 1897. These will be indeed two excellent additions to our publications. Send in your orders at once.

We are glad to report a slight improvement in the health of Major Mobley, also Staff-Captain Hammer, who were from the Temple to the river, in while we write, improving.

Staff-Capt. Eddie, and wife with Cadet, have arrived safely in the Old North-west. The General and staff are now on the way.

A few more days may bring the news of another corps opened in Toronto, and promises being secured for our recent work.

Capt. Walton has now got fairly well in the uniform department, at Head-Quarters. He and his assistants are very busy making up proper uniforms for Army Uniforms. You had better send for instructions as to how to order and cash with it for the goods.

Major Magrette, and staff of officers have got fairly well in harness and many souls have already been converted. A new district has been formed to take part of the country, so we may look out for the name of it soon, and also the name of the new Adjutant. Here I must close promising more news next time.

War Service.



—A friend writes of a wonderful case of faith healing. There was a War Cry report with the letter last evening said in that about the faith cure.

—We all know that they died at 7 a.m. We know that, or if they didn't they ought to have done.

—One of our sisters on selling War Cry on Saturday afternoon, entered a soldier and asked the landlady to buy a Car, he replied, "my, you had better shut out quick." She answered "all right but I am going to pay for you before I do," and she got down on her knees and prayed, and the door man stood and looked at her and when she arose he said well I must buy a Car if you now, so he gave her five cents and had the Car.

—A soldier at the Temple, in giving his experience said, "I remember a time I was sold to a drunkard and it was nothing but bags and misery with me, but now things have changed completely ever since I got saved in the great S. A."

—Divisional reports are scarce lately. We suppose it is on account of the change.

—A sister that confessed her sins for forty years to man, has been sold to God and is now blessedly saved. She claims to be the happiest woman in the city of S. A., and often dances with joy.

—Some officers appear to have very poor conception of what weight can be sent through the post office for three cents. In many cases, the weekly reports and War Cry orders, a letter and three or four sheets of War Cry matter is sent with only a three cent stamp on the envelope. The result is that Head-Quarters has often to pay six cents or more, being charged double for the insufficiency. One post just delivered some ninety cents for unsatisfactory postage. A little more care in the future will save this expense.

THE WAR CRY IN OTHER LANDS

INDIA.

A Brahmin and his wife got Makli.

CALCUTTA.—Since we have been here we have had many Hindus and Mahomedan enquirers, and several at our house and at the barracks have professed Salvation, but none have been so satisfactory as a case we have had this week.

A HINDU CASTE BROTHER WAS SECURED AND

FOUNDER CALICUT.

and is now mightily testifying to his fellow countrymen. Hallelujah!

We are believing great things for him. This was still rages; but victory is ahead, the devil is strong; but Christ is stronger. Sin is vile, the blood of Jesus can wash it white as snow. The voice of the world is loud, and strong are the temptations that drag poor sinners down to hell, but heaven's door is open and the voice of Jesus is calling—calling to you sinners. Will you listen and turn? He will take you in, He is strong to deliver.

Capt. Menzies.

AFRICA.

TELEGRAPH.—From Pioneer Bazaar, Oudalobote, to "War Cry," Fort Elizabeth.

Six hundred and forty-five seeking salvation since leaving Fort Elizabeth.

The mighty clasp of blessing still overshadowing the hollow wagon. Gracious of Salvation. Heavy strings.

Terrible onslaught. The host of his enemies back. Hundred and nine white, seventy-five colored slain of the Lord in eight days. Field strewn with the wounded. Number known only to the King. Toys and trinkets were moved by the power of God. First ringing volley. Hallelujah! All well of home, or mother there.

THE LITTLE STREET ARAB

BY S. D. COX.

"There but a very few street mile that sat on a roadside block, in cold and dark one bitter eve. Long after ten o'clock.

A ragged frock, so this and worn, scarce shielded from the wind. While shodless feet and balled head but felt it more mind.

A box of matches in his lap—The last of many bought—The last that would not go by chance. Though buyers had been sought.

So tired and weary, able now to seek to sell as more—Just waiting till an older sister should finish out her store.

None stooped to ask the shivering child. Of home, or mother there. If he of food had sought to eat, Or warmer clothes to wear.

But stay, a kindly hand is near. In pity, so like His Who stooped the little ones to bless. Just in a world like this.

A honest blue the stranger wears. And also is weary, too—Returning from a morning lull. With strength scarce more to do.

But, other things forgot, she bends "To touch the little one to free. To question, pity, sympathize. Till shivering fear is gone.

She takes the box and pays the price. Not once but three times o'er, Just speaking loving words the while. To make the kindness more.

You ask me who the one might be. The Christian? In that deed. The T. H. mother, I reply. Who's known to most who read.

I'm glad! You'll find as many more As poor and lone and sad. Whom you may help to cheer and save. Long are they to be too bad.

Christ a Street Preacher.

Great exception was taken by some professors of religion to a few of our back-sitting people standing at a street corner or a house or a street.

Salvation in a neighborhood of which the place holds the terrible record of Salvation Army effort.

We could not help wondering what the popular feeling towards Christ would be if in our crowded and busy thoroughfares, His word were heard to cry "The Kingdom of God is at hand," and the persons would feel who are now in a neighborhood of which the place holds the terrible record of Salvation Army effort.

Perfect silence followed while the Commissioner repeated the well-known words, "Earth to earth, ash to ash, dust to dust," and calling upon all who had a "ware and certain hope" of seeing the departed sister on the resurrection morning to hold up their hands. There was a crowd of lambs uplifted. Always anxious to turn everything around for the good of others, an appeal was made by the Commissioner to any woman who wished to serve God and her fellow men to get saved, and kneeling on the ground called upon

possess enough resolution to say no to the temptation of his lean companions, and kept drinking deeper and deeper until rescued by the Army at their funeral Wednesday. Even then he was in an inebriated state. Upon returning to the barracks, a meeting was held, at which the rescued drunkard, who had somewhat sobered up by the long walk, addressed the meeting. He thanked his Master for the change that He had wrought in his heart, and invoked the assistance and co-operation of the Army.

"Truly," he said, "I have been rescued on the brink of a drunkard's grave." Early yesterday morning Cadet Ralph received a telephone from him, stating that he could not rest, and had cried and prayed all night. He wanted Cadet Ralph to come up and pray with him. Thursday morning was spent in religious exercises, and Cadet Ralph felt satisfied that it was a case of salvation accepted.

followed. So what you know He would not do.

Answer that question on your knees before God.

Not contented to the world, be more and more conformed to the mind of God.

Be thorough in conversation, and shoulder the cross thoroughly. For even, perhaps, and despised; but never mind; Lord lift it on—when though it bore us down.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unravelled.

The most valuable being in the world is man, and the most valuable part of man is his soul. Think of it, one soul is of more value than the whole world in the sight of God, and

old and indifferent, or depend upon it the oil will stop pouring in, and the devil will soon have the fire out.

The Astonished Policeman.

"Good morning," said a Sergeant of police to me last week; "I want to ask you a question—do I trust that some of your officers smoke?" "Not one, if they are true to the principles of the Army, and I have no reason to doubt that," was my ready answer, and I was glad to be able to give such a one.

"Not a single one?" added the Sergeant, apparently satisfied. "No, not one," I again replied. "Well, that's a good thing, at all events, and ought to recommend you everywhere, for smoking is a nasty habit, and associated with all kinds of sin and drunkenness," added the Sergeant, and he was right.

PROMOTED.

A SALVATION FUNERAL.

How the Army Picked a Drunkard From the Gutter.

(From the Toronto News.)

I.

YESTERDAY afternoon a comrade of the Salvation Army, Mrs. Mary Davidson, aged 84, was buried in Army style at the Necropolis Cemetery.

At ten o'clock Salvationists from all over the city with their brass bands met at No. 41 Chalk Street, Yorkville, the residence of Mr. Evans, son-in-law of the deceased. A preliminary service was

held outside the house, conducted by Commissioner Cooch. The procession then slowly marched via Yonge and Carlton streets to the cemetery. At the grave a circle was formed and the burial service was conducted by the Commissioner, supported by Staff-Capt. Bailey and Mr. Morris, and the greater part of the Head-Quarters staff, and all the officers of the city were present.

The service was conducted by the solemn hymn:—

When the chariot is leaving, I'll leave a win. As the Angels are going, Hallelujah!

The hymn was followed by a reading from Revelations, then a psalm. After which the whole company sang the national song:—

For midst of the world, I'll leave a win. As the Angels are going, Hallelujah!

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Work and Wages.

BY ANNE (MAYNOR) COCHRAN.

Work while it is day for the night cometh.

HAVE often read these words, "Work while it is day, for the night cometh," before, but they never went so deep into my heart as got such a hold on my soul as they have to-night.

"Work while it is day," Oh! how short my day is, I never saw so short as I do to-night. How can we waste a moment of this precious time? "This night cometh," not only to stop our work, not only to put an end to our pleading and yearning and weeping over our perishing brothers and sisters, not only ending those glorious opportunities of laying up treasures above and winning bright stars for our crowns; but what a night for the poor lost soul that will be a long, dark, loneliness night it will be. Oh! how I pity them as I see them sporting on the ore of eternal night! I see them grasping after the pleasures of the world, although painted in fine colors are turning like bubbles in their hands. See them carrying stills and pans, and soon be hurried in the grave. See them laying up treasures where moth and rust corrupt and thieves break through and steal, and the devil is turning their precious blood-bought souls away. Oh! poor wretched, cheated ones! Can't you see the same look at the multitude as our Saviour got which will also save our hearts with compassion. Oh, how short that day!

Commander, can't we do a little more to rescue these while the day lasts? Their sporting will soon be over. Can't we love them more? Our chance for loving them will soon come and all the love they will ever get will be love which they will soon be where love is unknown, in that dark home where they are waiting to die, and the terrible night that is coming, let us love them into the Kingdom of God. Do we always remember as we pass them that we love them more? Our chance for loving them will soon come and all the love they will ever get will be love which they will soon be where love is unknown, in that dark home where they are waiting to die, and the terrible night that is coming, let us love them into the Kingdom of God. Do we always remember as we pass them that we love them more? Our chance for loving them will soon come and all the love they will ever get will be love which they will soon be where love is unknown, in that dark home where they are waiting to die, and the terrible night that is coming, let us love them into the Kingdom of God.

Oh! how short their day. Jesus saw this when He said, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Can't we get a little more of the love that brought those words from His lips? "Work while it is day," we are working as we will with him when the night cometh, when the darkness covers the earth; when the stars come down full; when the moon is turned to blood, and the sun becomes black as sack cloth of hair; when the earth is reeling and men are as drunken men; when the sea is burning like a bed of oil; when the terror-stricken sinners are crying for the rocks to fall on them and the mountains to hide them from their side.

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call into the beautiful light of day and give for a few moments the joys and pleasures he might have enjoyed had he not committed the crime, but he is now fastened around his neck he is dropped into the awful dungeon of hell and stands for a moment in the glorious light of heaven and looking for the last time upon those loved ones which he held so dear on earth, will only say that he might have gained and then be cast into outer darkness for ever and ever, until the years of eternity roll on. Oh! great God, what an awful thought! I tremble for fear a brother or sister of mine should be cheated out of their immortal souls and stand condemned before you that morning. But to you, the good, the true and faithful, those who loved not their lives even unto death, what a glorious morning! Oh, halldadidid! when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings. We often sing "What a meeting that will be," but do we realize it? What a time of rejoicing as we grasp the hands of our loved ones who died at their post and are now waiting at the portals to welcome us there? "Oh, yes, we shall meet them all there."

What a meeting, what a rejoicing, what a shout, what a song, Oh! halldadidid! when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings. We often sing "What a meeting that will be," but do we realize it? What a time of rejoicing as we grasp the hands of our loved ones who died at their post and are now waiting at the portals to welcome us there? "Oh, yes, we shall meet them all there."

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It is the duty of every woman to use all her powers and faculties for God all her life long; and, in giving her opportunity for performing this duty, the Army simply gives her a chance to do so, and she is not to be blamed if she does not. It is the duty of every woman to use all her powers and faculties for God all her life long; and, in giving her opportunity for performing this duty, the Army simply gives her a chance to do so, and she is not to be blamed if she does not.

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We're Not afraid to Die.

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Falling Leaves.

BY C. F. F.

This is a solemn time of the year. As one looks at the beautiful leaves as in quick succession, one after another, they fall to the ground from the trees above, there to lie and rot beneath a winter's snow, how it seems one's mind is drawn into the realities of the spiritual world.

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Europe and Asia.

The Move.

Capts. Quinn and Hearn in the Captains and Hearn Divisions.

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All I Need in my Saviour's Hand.

Words and Music by B. S. S. S.

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Europe and Asia.

The Move.

Capts. Quinn and Hearn in the Captains and Hearn Divisions.

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